

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by
THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, and Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

A Poet's Letters to a Friend.

[Continued from Feb. 13, and concluded.]

I USED to respond to Lanier's courtesy in sending me his poems by now and then mailing him something of my own. The following letter from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, August 9, 1870, after alluding to one of these trifles, conveyed to me the first dreary intelligence of his precarious condition of health.

I can hardly explain why, but before this date, I had pictured him as lithe, vigorous, the very embodiment of physical strength, no less than grace :

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE : Your letter, containing the poem, reached me at Lookout Mountain, where I had been spending some weeks. I received it at night, about midnight. Some friends, among whom was ex-Pres. Jefferson Davis, were sitting in the porch of my cottage, and I could not resist the temptation of reading the poem aloud to them. So, while my fair wife held the candle, and shaded it with rounded white hand from the mountain breeze, I read. . . . I am trembling for my health. If you know what this phrase means, you know to what a melancholy state I am come. It would seem that the foul fiend, Consumption, hath me on the hip ! Against him I still fight, but God only knows the event thereof. . . . I had started for Minnesota, but I found the journey so disagreeable, that after resting here a day or two, I am going back to Orange C. H., Va., where I have a friend living among the Sweet Mountains ; with whom I shall remain some weeks ; and where, an' thou hast any bowels of compassion left in thy soul's abdomen, thou will write me ! I do not work at all. I am too ill. This is Apollyon's unkindest cut of all. In this he hath wounded my sword-arm. So write me, dear Mr. Hayne, for I heartily enjoy your cheering words. Ever your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

In a letter from Marietta, Ga., written in May, 1873, he inquires, *apropos* of some verses of mine, which had pleased him :

Are you a musician ? Strange, that I have never before asked this question, when so much of my own life consists of music ! I don't know that I've told you that whatever turn I may have for art is purely musical ; poetry being with me a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes. I could play passably on several instruments before I could write legibly, and since then the very deepest of my life has been filled with music, which I have studied and cultivated far more than poetry. I only mention this in order that you may comprehend the delight your 'Violets' gave me. . . . By the way, what a musical writer Wm. Morris is ! But he lives too closely within hearing of Tennyson to write unbroken music, for Tennyson (let me not blaspheme against the gods !) is not a musical, tho' in other respects—particularly in that of phrase-making—a very wonderful writer. . . .

Again, Lanier refers in the following to his passionate devotion to music.

MACON, GEO., May 23d, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE : Your letter gave me sincere pleasure, and I would have sent you some expression of my gratification at hearing from you by a much earlier mail than this, had it not been for my Arabian eccentricities and unreliabilities of movements, which have kept me on the wing for a month past. I am now, as you perceive, in Macon, and shall remain here for some weeks ; then, Northward again. I am rejoiced to see by occasional evidences in magazines that you are again active in the delicious business of creation ! In answer to your kind

inquiries as to myself, I spent my last winter in Baltimore, pursuing music, and meditating my 'Jacquerie.' I was *flauto-primo* of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, and God only could express the delight and exultation with which I helped to perform the great works brought out by that organization during the season. Of course this was a queer place for me. Aside from the complete bouleversement of proceeding from the Court House to the footlights, I was a raw player, and a provincial withal, without practice, and guiltless of instruction—for I never had a teacher. To go under these conditions among old professional musicians, and assume a leading part in a large orchestra which was organized expressly to play the most difficult works of the great Masters, was (now that it's all over) a piece of temerity that I do not remember ever to have equalled before. But I trusted in love, pure and simple, and was not disappointed ; for, as if by miracle, difficulties and discouragements melted away before the fire of a passion for music which grows ever stronger within my heart ; and I came out with results more gratifying than it is becoming in me to specify. 'Tis quite settled that I cannot practise law. Either writing or speaking appears to produce small hemorrhages which completely sap my strength ; and I am going in a few weeks to N. York, without knowing what on earth I am to do there, armed only with a silver Boehm flute, and some dozen of steel pens ! You, who have a cabin, however humble, among the hills and trees—you, who can work at home—pray a short prayer, once in a while, for one as homeless as the ghost of Judas Iscariot ! Write me straightway, and write as to one who is always your faithful friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

In the autumn of '75, Lanier wrote me from Philadelphia, describing the trouble and labor he had undergone in preparing for the press his work on 'Florida'—one of those publishers' 'jobs,' into which, nevertheless, he put all the energy and zeal and conscientious art-finish at his command. I have not stricken from this letter a few kindly allusions to myself, because they are characteristic of the geniality which won for the writer so many friends.

. . . . I believe, my dear Mr. Hayne, that I told you, some time ago, of my having been employed to make a book on 'Florida.' I commenced the travels preparatory thereto in April last. The thing immediately began to ramify and expand, until I quickly found I was in for a long and very difficult job ; so long and so difficult, that after working day and night for the last three months on the materials I had previously collected, I have just finished the book, and am now up to my ears in proof-sheets and wood-cuts which the publishers are rushing thro' in order to publish at the earliest possible moment. This production is a sort of spiritualized guide-book. . . . I have had to labor from ten to fourteen hours a day, and the confinement to the desk brought on my old hemorrhages a month ago, which quite threatened for a time to suspend my work forever on this side of the River !

I am thus minute in detailing my reasons for not writing you recently, because all along thro' these last three or four months, when gratifying things have been happening to me in connection with my little artistic efforts, I have had constantly in mind the kindly help and encouragement which your cheering words used to give me, when I was even more obscure than I am now. Even in my small experience, I have seen so much of the hue-and-cry sort of criticism—that which waits until it finds how the big-mouthed dogs are running, and then squeaks in chorus, without the least knowledge of, or regard for, the game, or the course of the hunt—that I have learned to set a high value on genuine and independent judgments. I fully expected to go to Aiken, and to have sight of you then ; but the devious current of work bore me to N. York ; and tho' I had to run back to Charleston a month after, I never was able to get to Aiken. I had an uncertain day in Augusta, where I learned it was impossible to get hold of you in the limited time at my disposal. Yours ever,

SIDNEY LANIER.

During the next six years I heard from Lanier at longer and longer intervals. As time advanced his responsibilities seemed to increase, *pari passu*, with his growing reputation. No man ever had a loftier artistic conscience. I am disposed to believe that between the necessities of his position as a poor man, which forced him often into hasty, uncongenial work, and his keen instincts and high standards of artistic excellence, he suffered a species of torture. At all events, in the notes I received from him during the period specified, his tone alternated between a certain feverish

exaltation and a profound despondency. Never have I known him to complain—to 'wear his saddened heart' ostentatiously 'upon his sleeve'; but I could read between the lines even of his (apparently) more cheerful communications, and detect the slow, half-muffled throb of heart-break there! He struggled bravely on, long after he could not but have felt that the shadow, for weary years darkening over him, had taken at last the hues of death—that the fatal weapon long suspended above his head was about to fall.

There are three poets of this country whose lives can never be read without bitter pain; the direct results of poverty being but too conspicuous in the determination of their melancholy fates. One was Edgar Poe; the others were Henry Timrod and Sydney Lanier. Poe may be almost said to have had an apotheosis, a world-wide apotheosis, since his decease; yet one reflects that but a tithe of the sums paid for *éditions de luxe* of his works, during a single decade, might in his lifetime have spared him the horror of his young wife's death, hastened by destitution and hardships innumerable, and transformed his 'bodeful raven' into some white dove of peace. 'I assure you,' wrote Timrod to me but a few months before his melancholy end, 'I assure you that I would give everything I have ever composed, *for one hundred dollars in hand!*' Think of the terrible depths of want which forced a declaration like this! There are degrees in impecuniosity, as in all other things, and Lanier may not have touched its 'dark profound'; but none can read the letter I am about to quote—the last of any length I ever received from him—without some touch of the *isterico passione* of poor old Lear:

BALTIMORE, November 19th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE: I have been wishing to write you for a long time, and have thought several letters to you. But I could never tell you the extremity of illness, of poverty, and of unceasing toil in which I have spent the last *three* years, and you would need only once to see the weariness with which I crawl to bed after a long day's work, and after a long night's work at the heel of it—and Sundays just as well as other days—in order to find in your heart a full warrant for my silence. It seems incredible that I have printed such an un-Christian quantity of matter—all, too, tolerably successful—and secured so little money; and the wife and the four boys, who are so lovely that I would not think a palace good enough for them if I had it, make one's earnings seem all the less. . . . I send you by this mail a copy of my 'Boy's King Arthur,' which the publishers have brought out in sumptuous style, as a companion work to my 'Boy's Froissart,' which was so successful last winter. I hope you will like the Introduction; as for the matter, it is old Sir Thos. Mallory's, and I doubt not you already know him well for one of the sweetest, cunningest, simplest and skilfullest writers of English, as well as story-tellers, that ever lived. I am greatly interested in the sale of this book; not directly, for being in narrow straits, I sold the copyright for cash several months ago, but because the price of another book I've just sent, to continue the series with next winter, depends upon it!

For six months past, a ghastly fever has been taking possession of me every day about 12 M., and holding my head under the surface of indescribable distress for the *next twenty hours*, subsiding only enough each morning to let me get on my working-harness, but *never intermitting!* A number of tests show it to be *not* the hectic, so well known in consumption, and to this day it has baffled all the skill I could find in N. York, Philadelphia and here. I have myself been disposed to think it arose wholly from the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boy's books—pot-boilers all—*when a thousand songs are singing in my heart, that will certainly kill me, if I do not utter them soon!* But I don't think this diagnosis has found favor with my practical physicians; and meanwhile, I work day after day in such suffering as is piteous to see. I hope this does not sound like a Jeremiad. I mention these matters only in the strong rebellion against what I fear might be your thought—namely, forgetfulness of you—if you did not know the causes which keep me from sending you more frequent messages. I do not, and *will not*, forget the early encouragements which used to come from you when I was just daring to think of making verses. Always sincerely yours,

SIDNEY LANIER.

I have been told that Northern admirers of Lanier's

genius have contributed liberally to the support of his widow and children. A noble deed! But I wonder if the widowed woman whom he once described as his fair young wife, guarding the candle in a breezy portico with her rounded hand, while he read aloud to his friends—I wonder if she does not sometimes look out through a blinding mist, from the haven of a tardy refuge, and reflect upon the 'might-have-been,' could help only have reached the little family in time to save, or at least prolong, her poet's life.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Reviews

What Mrs. Dall Really Knows About Shakspeare.*

THERE be books that only those who know more of the subject than the author may safely read—and haply find amusement in—and this is one of them. If you know what is really known about Shakspeare, you will know when to trust Mrs. Dall's attempt to tell you, and when not. She is often wrong, and when she is right she sometimes puts the matter in so confused a form that you misunderstand or at best half understand it—that is, if you do not understand already. The book is largely a compilation, and from the best authorities—mainly from Halliwell-Phillipps, the very best; but in paraphrasing what she 'scissors' from them, the author not unfrequently manages to pervert or muddle it. On page 15, for instance, she says that in 1558 'there were fifteen hundred householders in Stratford.' The wording of the context shows that she takes this from Knight's Biography (one of her list of authorities); but what Knight says is that in a certain document of that year 'the number of "houseling people" in Stratford is stated to be fifteen hundred.' If she did not know that 'houseling people' is a more comprehensive term than 'householders,' she had only to look at the preceding sentence, in which Knight estimates, from the average annual number of births and deaths that the 'total population' was 'about one thousand four hundred.' On page 29 she says: 'There is no affectation in his [Shakspeare's] use of ancient or modern tongues, but he was too sincere an artist to turn the *Et tu, Brute!* of the dying Cæsar into English: he felt the poetic force of the historic phrase.' The phrase is 'historic' only so far as Shakspeare has made it so. It is not in any classical author, and nobody knows where he got it. On page 71, the bust on the poet's monument at Stratford, which divides with the Droeshout portrait in the First Folio the honor of being the most trustworthy of all the 'counterfeit presents' of his face that have come down to us, is said to have 'little interest now as a likeness,' apparently because it 'has been two or three times repainted.'

'It is supposed,' Mrs. Dall tells us on page 84, 'that Shakspeare devoted a good deal of time to classical study during the last years of his life, for the three Roman plays show so intimate an acquaintance, not only with Roman manners, but with Roman diction and modes of thought, as to make this probable.' Where the lady found this 'supposition' we do not know, but surely not in any respectable authority of recent date. The Roman plays show little classical *learning* except what Shakspeare got from North's Plutarch—the translation of a translation, with not a few errors which a schoolboy ought to detect, but which the poet was not scholar enough to correct; and, besides, 'Julius Cæsar' was written at least fifteen years, and 'Antony and Cleopatra' and 'Coriolanus' eight or nine years, before he died.—On page 148 the forged letter of Southampton to Ellesmere is given as one of the 'abstracts from Halliwell-Phillipps' [*sic*], but we cannot find it in his 'Outlines' (5th ed.), and seriously doubt whether he now regards it as genuine, though he may formerly have done so. This is by no means the only instance in which Mrs. Dall gives doubtful or exploded stories as undisputed facts.

* What We Really Know About Shakspeare. By Caroline H. Dall. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Of Shakspeare's literary career we have only scattered hints, and those sometimes misleading. The author says in her preface that she 'did not consider it necessary to incorporate into the Life the appearance in print of every Play ;' but she might well have learned from Dowden's admirable 'Primer of Shakspeare' (a little book costing a third as much as hers and worth a dozen of it) how to see and make others see 'the man' in 'the book.' Her own view of 'the personal character of Shakspeare' is given in a couple of extremely weak pages in the appendix ; the most noteworthy point therein being this reference to 'Venus and Adonis' : 'All through the hot air of its passion a fresh pure breeze of something higher trembles, and I am astonished that more has not been made of this point by critics.' What guileless confusion of things that have no other connection than their occurrence in the same poem ! The 'hot air' of animal passion is in nowise tempered by the 'fresh pure breeze' from the charming natural scenery which forms the 'environment' of the characters. Critics have done full justice to 'the intimate knowledge of, and intense delight in, country scenes and sights' (to quote Furnivall's words) which the poet shows even in 'the heated story of the heathen goddess's lust,' but the lust is *there* all the same. The book is handsomely brought out, but is marred by many misprints.

Story's Poems.*

MR. STORY is the ideal New Englander, brought up under the shadow of Harvard College, drinking in its cool dews as long as he could stand them, but betaking himself early to the gentler shades of modern Rome. His father began life as a friend of the poetic muse, but ended with the sterner-featured Lady of the Law. The son, reversing the paternal order, began with the Law and yielded after a mild resistance to the first blandishments of the divine ladies who represent History, Sculpture and Poetry. For more than thirty years he has been before the world as a writer of easy, meditative, argumentative and semi-dramatic verse, for which his various studies supply the material and theme and Roman life the coloring, while Browning is ever present with hints as to structure and the development of the argument. As in Browning, law and learning keep even pace with the action ; subtle discussions interweave themselves in the plot ; historical and classical allusions abound. The intellectual atmosphere is just what one would expect and accept in a poet whose study is his studio, and whose studio is among the fallen glories of ancient grandeur. Perhaps as quiet and classical a poem as any—at once meditative and argumentative—is 'A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem,' the general atmosphere of which resembles somewhat that which we grew accustomed to, nearly fifty years ago, in William Ware's work. In the attempt to show what may be said in exculpation of Judas for his betrayal of Jesus, we find the Browning influence strongest. The light subtleties of Browning would have been infinite in variety, his search into recondite motive and subtle mental action would have been keen and ingenious, and would have kept the best reader's attention on the stretch. In Mr. Story's poem these Browning-like qualities take a milder form. The verse is easier, the story simpler, while the occasional display of strong passion is not without dramatic force. That is a scene in point where Judas is discovered by night staggering in to see the body of his crucified master, himself

Ghostly, clay-white, a shadow of a man,

With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled beard,

with 'haggard, blasted face ;' his despair when he finds that no miracle has been performed to vindicate the divine power residing still, as he believes, in the dead form. For a more intense expression of human passions one might turn to 'Ginevra da Siena,' in which the characters are strongly controlled, and the mental action brought out vividly and

naturally. We follow with less indifference the struggles and temptation of Ginevra to their natural conclusion. Of the many other pieces in the two volumes which Mr. Story now reprints, some are descriptive—description being, perhaps, too easy with the writer, who contents himself with a mere picturesque presentation of nature ; while others are personal, and yet half lyrical, touching on various themes—love, beauty, the past, losses, etc.—all indicating an easy manipulation of the common arts of verse, in immediate love of the muses and graces, and a less immediate contact with real passion and human life.

Channing's "Eliot."**

IN 'Eliot' we have a survival of an old school of verse akin to an old school of romance, of which Charles Brockden Brown was the most notable representative in America. The hero of the poem is a prey to morbid fancies. He is discovered living in the woods in a cavern which, he sings,

my own hands have scooped

To the convenient largeness of my wants.

His self-exile is the result of a passionate quarrel in which he has killed the friend of his early days, and lost thereby the woman whom he loved. The poet paints with feeling the innocence of the hero's early life :—

Oh, well do I remember in those days
When I had Lisa, and I owned a home,
How dear the firelight blaze lit up the walls
Of our Kentucky house,—that ample hall,
There, where our mother dwelt, and he, the judge,
My father,—all the children round, the dogs
Stretched out along the floor ; and often heard
The flying hoof-beats of the full-blood steed ;
Some social neighbor, on his round of calls,
Proud of his good gray mare ; the kindly hopes,
The tidings from the town, the postman's shout ;
And heard afar that soothing Sabbath bell,
Sweet in my childish heart !

This is a good home picture, and contrasts well with the unnatural gloom of the later home—the apparitions haunting the rocky cavern ; the mistress of his youthful affections who appears at all hours to his distempered fancy, now soothing, now reproaching him ; the murdered friend, too, who from a vague memory glides into a madman's reality.

Hush ! Was it a step ?
Again ? Something along the leaves ; the night
Crawling in the cool air amid the oaks,
Or the soft panther's foot, seeking the meat
That is hanging at the door. Again ! the whisper !
Can it be ? Who comes ? 'Tis Gordon's form,
His hand across his heart, as on that day ;
Slowly the red drop oozing from the spot.
See ! and he shot as well as I ; closer !
O God ! why was it not his ball through mine,
Not mine in his ? And Lisa at his side !

Brown would have projected just such a life as this ; but he would have multiplied horror on horror, until the mad-house closed on his hero. A milder poetic and meditative disposition rules in Channing ; and while we have the self-inflicted torment described at great length, it is not brought home to us as vividly as it might have been. This is perhaps all the better for the display of the poet's real power, which lies in a sympathetic reproduction of natural scenes and of a solitary's life, at once aloof from society and yet having an intellectual leaning towards it. The scene of the poem is set in the West ; but it might just as well have been in the Concord woods. It is there where the philosophy originates—the books, the poetical employments, the passion 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' If a rifle leans against the walls of the hunter's cave, there is always a volume of poems in the hunter's pocket. The trees become sentient beings. Rocks and rivers glide into life, and almost

* Poems. By William Wetmore Story. 2 vols. \$2.50. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

** Eliot : A Poem. By William Ellery Channing. 40 cts. Boston : Cupples, Upham & Co.

take part in human actions. It is the old Transcendental mood, so different from to-day's realism by which sentient beings stiffen into material images moved by invisible machinery. It is a long movement of the pendulum of fashion from 'Eliot' to 'Silas Lapham'—and yet New England still fosters both these varieties.

"How to be Happy though Married."*

THE title of this volume is misleading in a double sense. Naturally the interested reader expects to find an infallible recipe for matrimonial happiness, but there is no such information in the book. Nor is it a handbook to marriage; and the fact that it is neither a book of information nor a handbook adds largely to its interest. It is entertaining, and that is something. Not the least entertaining feature is the fact that it is written by a man. We must therefore interpret the title from a man's standpoint. The question is, How shall a man be happy though married? How shall he retain his freedom and his independence, and at the same time receive homage from the fortunate woman who has consented to be his slave? Yet the author is not to be blamed for this. The beautiful scheme of matrimony, the chief aim of which is the happiness of man, was invented long before this book was thought of. It is older even than the author's quotations from Jeremy Taylor, and in a great many parts of the world it will outlast the fame of the poets whose verses form the mottoes of the various chapters. The fact remains, however, that the man who marries for the purpose merely of securing his individual happiness is a mercenary wretch, who ought to be condemned to the miseries of a single life. The happiness of the woman is quite as important as that of the man, and yet the inference is, that if man, the great lord and master, is comfortable and happy, the woman ought to be comfortable and happy also. Whether or no this follows depends altogether on circumstances—just such circumstances as the author of this book doesn't care to trouble himself to discuss. At the same time, the volume is entertaining to a degree. A particularly voluminous scrap-book has been drawn upon for quotations and anecdotes, and the most of these are bright and pungent. Moreover, the author grows more serious toward the end of the volume, and the concluding chapters are marked by a sincerity of purpose that is almost wholly lacking in the beginning of the book. The style is fluent, sometimes flippant, and there is a wealth and an aptness of quotation rarely found in modern books.

Samuel Bowles. †

SAMUEL BOWLES was a successful journalist; and he followed his profession in a high purpose and spirit. In a small inland city, with a limited constituency, he built up an influential daily journal, that made itself felt in every part of the country. He was not a great or a brilliant man; but he was a man of energy, enthusiasm and great working powers. More than all, he was a man of unwavering moral purpose, who loved the right, who was inspired by the sentiment of humanity, and who made his journal a means of serving his country and his race. His life deserves the noble tribute of these two fine volumes, simply because he was a man of convictions and a true moral purpose. Mr. Merriam has performed his task in a loving and faithful manner. A juster or truer account could not have been given of the man's life. It is sympathetic, and yet there is no hero-worship in it. The story of Bowles's struggles, trials, defects, high purpose and successes, is told in a manner to inspire the reader, and to show what a life of worthy ambitions and true victories is here presented for his study and imitation. The biographer has not merely given an account of the life of Bowles, but he has linked it with the events of his time,

and shown what part he took in the stirring agitations and events of the years through which he lived. Mr. Merriam's resumé of the national history during the period of the anti-slavery agitation, the Civil War, and the era of reconstruction, has been well prepared; and it gives the needed background to the life of his subject. Copious extracts are made from the *Republican*, showing its attitude on all the questions of the day; and they are not at all uninteresting at the present time, as read in connection with his life. The domestic and civic life of Mr. Bowles was fine and noble; but it was affected constantly by his ill-health, and by the pressure of his work. His letters reveal him as a man of wide sympathies and of a stern sense of duty. On the whole, his life was one that fitly deserves this tribute, because there was so much in it that was good and manly. He did for journalism a true service, and his example is worthy of a wide and earnest imitation. His was a clean and vigorous life, and he made the best use he could of the opportunities which came in his way.

Recent Fiction.

THE story of 'Donovan : A Modern Englishman,' by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is appalling in its length; and when a glance at the last page shows that the four hundred and fifty pages have merely worked up to the hero's marriage, it becomes a question whether it can possibly pay to spend so much time in learning the early conditions of a young man's life when we are to be left in ignorance as to the results of early conditions. Donovan is unfortunate, not because he has fallen on evil days, but because his stepfather cheated him, leaving him to fight unnatural conditions with a soul troubled with religious doubt and a mind unhappily given to the wild delight of card-playing. His scepticism is apparently what the author refers to in labelling him 'A modern Englishman'; but his doubts and difficulties and struggles are not especially original. They are solved, it is true, in a suggestive, original and picturesque fashion; and had the author made a short sketch, embodying pointedly and pertinently just this phase of Donovan's experience, it would have been a good sketch. The doubter demanding such proof for religion as exists for scientific truths, untouched by the religious fervor of his friends, the plain and sensible arguments of such liberal but reverent thinkers as Charles Osmond, or even by the death of those he loves, stands at last by the death-bed of his enemy; and finding that, because he cannot prove to the man who has wronged him that he is not seeking revenge, the man will die doubting him, he learns a valuable lesson as to what faith really is. There is strength, too, in the representation that while the atheist could think with calmness of his sweet little sister's soul passing into nothingness, he shuddered at the thought of his miserable enemy's wasted life going out forever without another 'chance.' All this is good, very good; far better than the ordinary novelist's methods of conversion by means of the sweet little sister, or the argumentative friend, or the excitable revivalist; but it is mixed with far too much else. The book is not ill written, but then it is not well written, and any force it might possess is irretrievably weakened by extreme dilution.

THE grace and charm of Daudet's manner have never been more apparent than in his 'Stories of Provence,' translated from the 'Lettres de mon Moulin,' by S. L. Lee. (Harper's Handy Series.) Subtle as they are, keen as is the touch with which his simplest sketch illustrates some depth or height or surface folly of human nature, the first and abiding impression of these little tales is their delightful delicacy. There is not one of them but is full of point, either of wit or humor or pathos, and they are as original as they are simple. That anything so strongly intellectual should be so delicate is as wonderful as that anything so keen should be so sympathetic.—The most ardent admirer of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's work would find it hard to give a general idea of the aim or scope or style of her latest story, 'Bonnyborough.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Four people in it are eventually married; but besides courtships, with the usual amount of allegory baffling the intelligence of even quite sentimental critics, there seems singularly little for one, in the slang of the day, to 'catch on' to. There is page after page, chapter after chapter, of village gossip, or picnics, or nice little meals, or heart-rending analysis of motive, and quite incomprehensible metaphor and simile; but there seems much less than usual of the charm which Mrs. Whitney used to infuse even into her wildest soarings into the Infinite or divings into the Eternal.

* How to be Happy though Married: Being a Handbook to Marriage. By a Graduate in the University of Matrimony. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles. By George S. Merriam. 2 vols. \$3. New York: The Century Co.

'THE House at Crague,' by Mary B. Sleight (Crowell & Co.), is a lengthy and amiable story, not ill written but much too long, about a young lady who had her own way and didn't particularly enjoy it. The plot and incidents are hackneyed, but there are some fresh little episodes scattered through it, which are in themselves rather pleasing sketches ; such as the escape of the frog from the young naturalist's coat-pockets at the prayer-meeting, and Eugene Pendleton's ingenious way of securing his overworked father a vacation. The author has been too ambitious to write a novel, and has made too great a strain to secure sensational elements for her real plot. After all, what is sensational in her work is very old in flavor, and poor ; while the simpler elements, which would work well into short stories by themselves, are what attract in the book and alone redeem it. —The delicate, thoughtful grace of the writer known only as the author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission,' 'Tip Cat' and 'Laddie,' assures a welcome for anything she may publish. 'Our Little Ann' (Roberts Bros.) is full of the earnestness and tenderness which made the other stories such general favorites, and, for all its simplicity, it will attract widely because of its refinement, its gentleness full of the intensity of life, and its insight into what fills the plainest lives with significance and importance.

THE power of style is never better exemplified than when it is absent. We are wont to think of style as merely contributing grace ; but how completely it is sometimes the essential quality of literature is shown in such books as 'A Crimson Stain' (Cassell's Rainbow Series), in which the utter lack of anything but words makes ridiculous an accumulation of incidents which are at least intended to be awful. The terrible occurrences and the frightful nouns—torture, agony, remorse, murder, suicide, horror, poison, martyrdom, crimson stains, blood, curses, sorrow, death, deceit, despair—are heaped up with prodigal liberality ; but the reader only smiles, and only continues to read because so much despair becomes so amusing.—The kind of humor to be expected from 'Josiah Allen's Wife' is too well known for lengthened comment on 'Sweet Cicely' (Funk & Wagnalls) to be necessary. Admirers of Mrs. Holley's work will like this better than ever, and those indifferent to the charms of 'Samantha' will sigh as they glance at page after page of the familiar 'funniness.' There are good and genuinely humorous points in Mrs. Holley's work, and a little of it is really amusing, while 'Sweet Cicely' has touches of pathos and some keen hits at existing abuses ; and it is, after all, the kind of humor which is 'popular,' though not destined to be immortal.

'PEPPINO,' by L. D. Ventura, is a graceful and touching little *aventure* written in French by a well-known Italian teacher of Boston, and attached by Mr. W. R. Jenkins to the excellent *Contes Choisis* Series of French tales and romances which he is issuing at reasonable prices for American readers. Here as elsewhere in this series the proofs need a little more careful revision, though in print, purity and variety the series is everything that it should be. As a tale springing from American soil and written in bright though not faultless French, 'Peppino' would alone claim the interest and indulgence of our readers ; but apart from its 'Americanism,' it is charming in its own modest way, and gives a sprightly glimpse of the life of a brown-faced Italian shoeblock of New York, who not only 'shines' you in two or three languages, but 'shines' in his own peculiar way in a manner to rouse your kindly feeling. Peppino is an 'institution' to some people at Broadway and Prince Street.

ONE'S first reflection on taking up the voluminous 'Masterman Ready,' by Captain Marryat (Frederick Warne & Co.), is that it will be a godsend to the restless small boy if it should prove to be interesting, as there is every indication that it would take him nearly a century to read it through. There is a decided flavor of Robinson Crusoe about the book, and lively reminiscences of the fortunate Swiss Family Robinson are called up by the wrecks and rescues from wrecks of all the necessities of life for people cast away in a forlorn country ; and there is, of course, the eventual escape from all that has been made inexpressibly delightful.—'A Man of Honor,' by J. S. Winter (Harper's Handy Series), is the first of this writer's military stories to disappoint ; but it must be confessed that there is very little in it, when compared with the little tales that preceded it.

Minor Notices

BATCHELDER GREENE has gathered together some 'Reflections and Modern Maxims' (Putnam's) which the reader with some surprise finds to be not a compilation from different sources, but

a collection of Mr. Greene's own personal thoughts. Each thought is given a page to itself, a very tiny page, to be sure, but one big enough to secure quite a stately isolation for such 'reflections' as the following : 'Few men can understand the passionate love that some women feel for flowers.' 'There is no accounting for what middle-aged spinsters will, or will not, do.' 'Nominally the United States are supposed to be governed by Congress, the Senate, and the executive powers at the White House.' 'We live but to die ; but dying, live again.' 'Not even if you are in the right, is it always advisable to meddle in matters that in no way concern you individually.'

'TWELVE DESIGNS for Low-Cost Houses,' being Part I. of Comstock's Architectural Studies, contains plans, elevations, details and perspective sketches for country houses ranging in cost from about \$500 to \$4500. In some instances very meagre specifications and bills of quantities, with prices attached, have been given by the authors of the designs. We fear, however, that the costs named are somewhat below what completed contracts would show, except of course where the cottages have been actually constructed, as in the case of those built at Hartford, Conn., in the year 1883, by Mr. Withers, for the Messrs. Goodwin. The draughtsmanship displayed in the majority of the drawings is not the most encouraging feature of this work ; but probably the class of people who will use these plates most frequently care the least for technical rendering. The series may fulfill its function by serving as suggestions to those intending to build, but whose pockets do not keep pace with their requirements.—James Wilson Hyde, Superintendent of the General Post-office, Edinburgh, has prepared a most interesting account of the curiosities and the romance of 'The Royal Mail' (Harper's Handy Series). The work is not intended to be historical, but it gives a good deal of enjoyable information, though it only aims at dealing with the lighter features of an important branch of the public service. Beginning with 'Old Roads,' 'Post-boys,' 'Stage and Mail-Coaches,' it comes down to all the 'Red Tape' of the latest postal ceremonials, with many anecdotes of coincidences, lost letters, queer addresses, post robberies, etc.

THERE is a fashion even in the titles of books, and 'Letters to a Daughter,' by Helen Ekin Starrett (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), promises in its name something of curious old-fashioned flavor, perhaps purposely quaint. The antique form and style, however, seem to be genuine, and the little book hardly contains anything of more practical value than the ancient assertions of the wisdom of choosing good companions, of reading the best books, of always showing tact and kindness, and of early acquiring the habit of self-control. In these days one would have to secure a remarkable kind of daughter to feel any confidence that such maternal letters would be read through ; and even granting the desirableness of a daughter's 'never treating with rudeness any earnest feeling on the part of any one,' it is to be remembered that the problem with young girls is, not to tell them not to be rude, but to make them understand what is rude.—'Young Folks' Queries,' by Uncle Lawrence (\$2, Philadelphia : Lipincott), is one of the books answering less the queries that young folks do make, than the queries which it would be desirable for them to make. It is essentially a book of information, and would be better if allowed to appear so, without the poor prop of a weak story which aims at giving an air of sprightliness to solid instruction. The instruction itself, dealing with entertaining facts about the manufacture of pins, needles, matches, looking-glasses, thermometers, locomotives, etc., is excellent, and would interest all healthy young people without fictitious assistance.

IT is not too much to say that the name of Dodworth has become historical beyond the limits of the city with which it is chiefly associated. The book on 'Dancing,' just issued by Allen-Dodworth (Harper & Bros.), shows easily why. The Dodworths have been successful teachers, first, because they have the enthusiasm of their profession, and, secondly, because they have the conscience of their profession. This admirably written book betrays the gentleman as well as the dancing-teacher—the man who, believing in grace, believes that grace may tend to inward loveliness. One of our most popular novelists has devoted an entire novel to showing what formidable rivals of our morals our manners are, in the practical judgment which society passes on us ; but Mr. Dodworth believes that manners may be a positive help to morals, and so are doubly worth cultivating. He makes an undeniable plea for the advantages of learning to dance, and

reminds us forcibly that the evils connected with it are evils quite independent of the gymnastic phase of the acquirement. An important idea of the book is to lay down principles for dancing which may tend to make one system universal, instead of having, as is now the case, almost a different step in each city. Over two hundred figures for the German are mentioned; and with its illustrations of positions in dancing, good and bad, the book contains much that is practically helpful as well as generally suggestive.

MR. GEO. M. TOWLE, of Boston, has for some years been known as a student of contemporary foreign politics, and as a helpful authority thereon. He has prepared some useful monographs relating to topics which the cable dispatches do not sufficiently illuminate. A fresh book of this sort is his 'England in Egypt' (Ticknor & Co.). This little volume, with its 93 pages and three maps, traces Egyptian history from the beginning of the century to the present time, in a clear, readable, and impartial way, likely to benefit newspaper readers who want some side-help longer than an editorial but shorter and timelier than Mr. McCoan's 'Egypt.' Mr. Towle has always estimated Lord Beaconsfield's character more favorably than most Americans have done, but the few words given him here are not laudatory; while a similar candor marks the treatment of Mr. Gladstone.—Charles Scribner's Sons publish in convenient form the address of Edward N. Dickerson, LL.D., on 'Joseph Henry and the Magnetic Telegraph,' delivered at Princeton College last June. It is not only a fine tribute to the man, but a comprehensive statement of interesting facts.—Helen W. Ludlow has prepared an appreciative and affectionate memoir of Miss Mary Anna Longstreth of Philadelphia, who was such an admirable and beloved teacher, and such a generous and true friend to the school at Hampton, Va. (Lippincott.)

IN THE Putnams' series of very useful books on the Questions of the Day, Edward G. Bourne has published the 'History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837.' His object is to show in what way and to what extent that financial experience of the nation is a guide to a solution of the problem of a surplus revenue at the present time. He concludes that the two cases are not parallel, and that the experience of 1837 is not a guide to the solution of the present difficulty; but he gives a full and valuable history of that early attempt at internal improvements. He describes the origin and growth of the surplus of 1837, the legislation and feeling concerning it, and the various uses to which it was applied by the States. He also proves that the growth of the surplus was followed by a considerable increase in Government expenses, legitimate and illegitimate, and an astonishing prevalence of official recklessness and dishonesty in the Government finances, not to say of gigantic frauds and bare-faced plundering of the Treasury. The author is the first person to give a thorough study of this part of our financial history, and he has brought all the facts together with a commendable industry and with a clear comprehension of their meaning.

The Lounger

I AM constantly asked by aspirants for literary honors what is the surest way of securing the publication of a story. To this question I would reply. 'First, have a story to tell; secondly, tell it interestingly; thirdly—and this is by no means the least important hint—write it legibly.' A reader for a publishing house is almost incapable of judging of some stories, owing to the careless manner in which they are committed to paper. A hastily prepared manuscript must have great intrinsic merit to be accepted, unless the author be well known. I have known manuscripts to be sent to publishers, written in lead pencil and with half the lines blurred beyond legibility. I have seen others written on immense foolscap sheets in a scrawling hand, all blotted and scratched and soiled. A reader would be something more than a saint, who should sit down to read a manuscript of this sort with a predisposition in its favor. Then there are manuscripts which, while they are not blotted and soiled, are written in a very small hand, with the lines close together. These also are discouraging to read. But when a reader gets a manuscript written out on a type-writer, or carefully copied by hand, he approaches it with feelings of gratitude; and it is the fault of the story itself if he finds nothing good in it. Unfortunately, an idea has gained currency that it is 'literary' to write a bad hand. I wish to deny this point-blank. It may have been so in old times, when it was 'literary' to wear long hair and soiled linen; but the ablest literary men of this genera-

tion turn out manuscripts that it is a delight to read. Every letter is perfect, every i is dotted, every l is crossed.

I SHOULD say to the young aspirant: 'If you have faith in your story, have it copied out on a type-writer. It will not cost you more than forty or fifty dollars, and you may make \$1,000 by it. Or, if you feel that you cannot afford to make this investment, copy it out yourself, after you have made all your corrections, on paper no wider than commercial note, but two or three inches longer if you like. Let the words stand wide apart on the lines, and the lines well apart from each other. A long line, particularly where the words are crowded together, is very trying to the eye and to the mind. A reader, moreover, likes the sheets to be loose, so that he can take up a few at a time and lean back in his chair and read them, instead of bending painfully over his desk.'

A MAN-OF-LETTERS, to whom I was speaking on this subject the other day, said that when he was younger he had written a number of plays and sent them around to different managers, who after keeping them a long time returned them with regrets. Quite possibly they had never read them, for there is nothing containing so few words that looks as formidable as the manuscript of a play. One day he had one of these plays put in type and sent to Laura Keene. In three days he received a note from her saying that it was accepted. I will not say that the play would have been rejected if it had been sent in manuscript: I merely state the facts, and give my readers the benefit of the hint.

BISHOP BEDELL recently pronounced from the pulpit of St. George's in this city a eulogy on the late Rector Emeritus of that Church, the lamented Dr. Tyng. Many of the present members of St. George's know of the late Rector merely by tradition, though his death occurred only a year or so ago; but his virtues were dear to them, and they rejoiced to hear his praises sung. There was, however, a jarring note—an apparent betrayal of egotism on the part of the eulogist which detracted greatly from their enjoyment of his discourse. Referring to the period when Dr. Tyng was in his prime, the good Bishop exclaimed, 'There were giants in those days;' and he proceeded to enumerate them. 'But now,' he added, with solemn emphasis, 'Lee and I are the only ones left!' Two or three members of the congregation happened to mention this circumstance to me, so I was interested in looking up the passage in a printed copy of the Bishop's eulogy that reached me a few days since. My first feeling on finding it was one of amusement; my second, one of regret, that, by an unfortunate collocation of names and a slight indistinctness of utterance, the preacher had placed himself in a false and unpleasant position in the minds of all his hearers. Instead of 'Lee and I are the only ones left,' what he had actually said was, 'Lee and Dyer,' referring to the Rev. Dr. Dyer and the venerable Bishop of Delaware; but such is the similarity in sound of the two phrases, that I doubt if any one who heard the address interpreted the speaker's words correctly.

I AM AFRAID I did not convey the impression I intended in my recent paragraph about the sale of Miss Anna Katherine Green's popular novels. To avoid further error, I may say that 'The Leavenworth Case' was originally published in the ordinary 12mo form at \$1.50. After selling in this style to the extent of several thousand copies, the book was placed in the Knickerbocker Series and sold at the uniform price for volumes in this series—\$1 in cloth binding, and 50 cents in paper covers. This is the form in which for the past six or seven years it has been kept in the market, and in which, in this country at least, it has secured much the largest sale. Two years ago, partly with the idea of making a better competition with the cheap reprint 'libraries,' and partly for the purpose of securing as wide an advertisement as possible for the entire series of Miss Green's novels, a quarto edition was published at 20 cents per volume, and it was on this that the author's ten per cent royalty produced only two cents a copy.

A HARDWORKING friend of mine, who had never seen the book before, picked up a copy of 'The Leavenworth Case' last Sunday night, and said to himself that he would like to read the first chapter before going to bed. It was then ten o'clock, and he had to get up the next morning at eight. When he laid the book down he had finished it—and it was quarter after three o'clock. The next time he reads a novel by Miss Green, he will begin it early in the day.

Song.

SOON fades the violet, soon the rose,
And soon the leaves lie sere;
But O my love she smiles on me
Sweetly the livelong year!

Her oriel soon the swallow quits,
The thrush forbears her song;
But O my love she decks for me
Her nest the glad year long!

EDWARD J. HARDING.

To Richard F. Burton.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

[A. C. Swinburne, in *The Athenaeum*.]

WESTWARD the sun sinks, grave and glad; but far
Eastward, with laughter and tempestuous tears,
Cloud, rain, and splendor as of Orient spears,
Keen as the sea's thrill toward a kindling star,
The sundawn breaks the barren twilight's bar
And fires the mist and slays it. Years on years
Vanish, but he that hearkens eastward hears
Bright music from the world where shadows are.
Where shadows are not shadows. Hand in hand
A man's word bids them rise and smile and stand
And triumph. All that glorious Orient glows
Defiant of the dusk. Our twilight land
Trembles; but all the heaven is all one rose,
Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts and snows.

The Fine Arts.

The Mary J. Morgan Collection. (First Notice.)

It is a great deal to say that, after all the enthusiastic prophesying by which it has been heralded, the Morgan Collection, now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, has not proved a disappointment. Its display will unquestionably remain the great artistic feature of the season; and it is unquestionably the finest collection that has ever been brought to the hammer in America. The finest collection in America, however, it is not. A certain few of our wealthy amateurs are genuine connoisseurs; and this means that they find place upon their walls for the best works of the best hands only. But on these walls, among very many pictures to which this description in strictest truth applies, hang others which, though extremely good of their kind, are not of an extremely good kind. The most accurate way to rate the collection as a whole would perhaps be to say, that, of all we know in America, it is the one where the widest scope has been combined with the highest average of value. And this is to say that it is a double pity it was not bequeathed to the public; for, in a public collection, width of scope—what may be called representative interest, historic completeness—is valuable as it cannot be in the eyes of him who collects for his own private pleasure.

Of course it is impossible here even to note all the chief items of interest, much less to describe them so that their interest will come clearly to the reader's imagination. We can give but a brief glimpse here and there and almost at random. There are, to begin with, seventeen pictures by Diaz, eight by Corot, and eleven by Millet. Rousseau is well represented, and Daubigny superbly, first in an exquisite example of those tender, opalescent, after-sunset scenes, which he alone among painting men has ever painted, and again in a large picture called 'The Cooper's Shop,' which shows him in a totally different and less familiar mood. This is marked by massive dignity and seriousness, almost solemn, splendor. Two or three of the Corots could hardly be more charming, though there are Corots in New York which are grander in effect and perhaps more profound in sentiment. Among the Millets there is diversity in excellence, the unfinished 'Stone Breakers' not being by any means the least imposing. If mingled in with canvases such

as these we find, for instance, eight that are signed by Meyer von Bremen, and some by Becker and by Merle—why, there is no need to look at them, for varied riches hang still beyond. A large Vibert, called 'The Missionary's Story,' shows this master of story-telling at his very best; it is a marvel of sarcastic insight and admirably dramatic yet untheatrical characterization. A little Fortuny—'The Rare Vase'—is an almost impossible combination of daintiness and strength; and the tiny canvases by Doiningo are absolutely magnificent for force and fervor despite their microscopic size. A large grey landscape by Constable should, from the rarity of such among us, be especially prized. Among the four Henners—all, as we remember, good—by far the finest is 'La Source,' which hangs in the first room. It shows the nymph cross-kneed and twisting her hair beside the fountain. No one but Henner ever painted like this, and not Henner himself, we may believe, ever painted anything even a thought more lovely. It came as a revelation to knowledge which we had thought complete, and among all the figure-subjects in the collection stood out as incomparably the most beautiful. Jules Bréton is represented by a most delightful example—a troupe of young communicants (one of them receiving the benediction of her grandfather) preparing for their little procession through the blooming village. Fromentin shows a familiar phase in an Algerian landscape with horsemen, very brilliantly colored, and a less familiar in one of those graver Egyptian canvases he wrought in the last years of his life. Meissonnier, Leroux, Bouguereau, Alma-Tadema, Alfred Stevens and Hebert are present, always with works of average excellence and sometimes with those which are something more. But among 114 artists how can we cite even the most important names?

Of the rest of the collection but a word can be said. The prints and books were not yet on exhibition when these first hasty notes were made—notes which would have been less hasty were not eyes and mind alike confused by an aggregate of more than two thousand six hundred items. The silverware, shown but in samples, is enough to furnish forth a considerable shop, and much of it is very good in quality. The modern European pottery is endless, and we suppose is good of its kind—except the Dresden, which from greater knowledge we can say is not of the very best. But no such wares are likely to attract the visitor who is in search of art. For this he will turn to the Oriental objects. These, though fewer in number, are often extremely fine. Especially to be noted is the case which contains those 'peach-blow' vases of whose money-value we have been told such extraordinary tales. No tale, however, can tell their extraordinary artistic value—the way in which perfect beauty of subtle tint has been married to beauty of form as perfect and as subtle. Small and simple though they are, the longer we look at them the more matchless seems their charm, till no price seems too great to be asked for them—till even fifteen thousand dollars seems a trifle weighed against one of them in any balance which takes cognizance of true values. A little vase which should drop from heaven would look like one of these. What are our earthly ducats in comparison?

In Favor of Free Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Having on two similar occasions (jointly with my brother artists) recorded my name and protest against the senseless and disgraceful tariff on foreign works of art entering the United States, I cannot remain passive when the movement for its abolition has at length won the sympathy of the more cultivated and intelligent among our political representatives, including President Cleveland, and is ably helped on by THE CRITIC and other leading journals in America. The artists, and those cultivated persons who sympathize with them in their desire for free-trade in art, must feel especially grateful to you for your timely advocacy and help. The artists are most immediately interested in wishing the art-tariff removed; but I feel sure the American public will eventually realize its obligations also to those who may help it to attain that condition of life in which intimacy with beautiful

things will bless it with a clearer perception of its own higher interests and needs than it can be said to have at present. . . . In spite of the general belief to the contrary, held by many legislators and others, artists are not wholly unlike their fellow-citizens in material make-up, and really have a pretty clear perception of their own interests,—yet no considerable number of them ever asked for a protective tariff. As a fact, they have always repudiated all share in the passage of the act, and have frequently and almost unanimously cried out for its abolition. Had they been placed on an equality with rail-makers, screw-makers, or members of other industrial guilds, and recognized as citizens and voters, their appeals to be heard in this matter would have been promptly listened to, and their very reasonable demands satisfactorily met. This disgrace to our national character which we desire to have wiped out was put on us, in the first instance, without the knowledge of any representative body of artists, yet, as the act was nominally passed to benefit us, we were saddled with the responsibility of it before the civilized world. The good time coming, when we shall be relieved of this odium, and imported paintings from this tax, does not seem so far off now as it did once, and we look to those who sympathize with us in this matter, and who have the higher interests of our people at heart, to join now in helping us to relieve our (artistically) short-rationed Nation. I think it is the duty, not only of artists, but of all who favor free-trade in matters æsthetic, to come forward now and put their names on record. Please add my name to the list of those who are cordially with you in the good fight.

Manoir de Pennedepie, Canton de Honfleur.
Calvados, France, 31 Dec., 1885. { W. J. HENNESSY.

Art Notes.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of Charles Méryon, one of the most celebrated of the French etchers of the present century, is now open at Keppel's. It contains valuable proofs and different states of his more important plates. The famous 'Stryge,' which shows one of the carved demons of Notre Dame looking down over the city of Paris, the 'Morgue,' the 'Rue des Mauvais Garçons,' 'La Pompe Notre Dame,' and the 'Abside de Notre Dame,' which is accounted by many critics the finest of Méryon's etchings, are the principal plates in the celebrated collection of 'Eaux Fortes sur Paris' on which the etcher's reputation rests. The minor works of Méryon, many of which were executed for publishers, are interesting, as showing the delicate rigidity and formalism of line which constituted the foundation of his technical scheme. This precise method, evolved into freedom of handling and fired by enthusiasm for his subject, gave the etcher exactly the old-master touch necessary to render the mediæval architecture of the city he so loved. The mediæval feeling of his plates lies as much in the workmanship as in the subject or sentiment. The quaint and attractive catalogue gives an account of the etcher's sad life and of his death in the madhouse at Charenton. The masterly portrait of him, sketched by Flameng, shows him insane.

—Sixty-four oil-paintings and water-colors by Thomas Moran, N. A., are on free exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Ortiges & Co., and will be sold on Wednesday evening next by Thomas E. Kirby of the American Art Galleries. The collection includes some of Mr. Moran's strongest work, and strikingly illustrates his versatility of style. 'Ponce de Leon in Florida' is the largest of the canvases, and there are others representing his familiar transcripts of Western scenery. There are several studies of Niagara, a number of marines, and some very interesting pictures made within the past few summers in the neighborhood of the painter's home at Easthampton, L. I. These are among the best exhibited.

—Three illustrated lectures on Greek mythology, designed primarily for the instruction and edification of young people and art students, are to be delivered at the University Club Theatre on the next three Thursday afternoons. The first, 'The Assembly of the Gods,' and the last, 'The Heroes of Homer,' will be by Mrs. T. Mitchell Tyng, and the second, 'The Adventures of Mercury,' by Mrs. B. Williamson, Jr. Most of the illustrations for these lectures have been specially made from photographs of original paintings in foreign galleries.

International Copyright.

ROGER SHERMAN, of Philadelphia, who is engaged in pirating 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' for the American market, protested before the Senate Committee on Patents, last week, against the passage of any international copyright bill. He boasted that he was a 'pirate,' and asked to be protected in his immoral practices. Mr. Dana Estes, of Boston, replied to the Philadel-

phia plunderer. W. G. P., of Camden, sends us the following extract from Notes and Queries for Dec. 30, 1854: 'We have Mr. Bentley's authority for stating that the following sums have been paid by his firm for American copyrights to three American writers; that is to Mr. Washington Irving, 2450/-; to Mr. Prescott, 2495/-, and to Mr. Fenimore Cooper, 12,590/-; in all, 17,535.' This is about \$87,675.

There is no danger that by doing justice to authors in the matter of international copyright the supply of cheap books will be checked. The copyright will affect only comparatively recent publications. Even these will still, in all probability, be procurable at reasonable prices. But many of them are dear at any price. The fruit of the press needs winnowing; part of it is worthless and in a hundred years will be known no more. The winnowing process has already taken place with regard to books published in the earlier part of this century, and in centuries preceding. Most—not all—of what remains has lived because it was worthy to live. Upon this there is no copyright. All the great standards of literature can be purchased at prices almost as trifling as the proverbial song. 'Paradise Lost,' for instance, can be bought in pamphlet form for five cents, and other great books at like figures. Nobody need, for fear of striking a blow at popular education, begrudge authors the right to their honest wages; popular education will not suffer in the least. Opposition to international copyright comes with especially bad grace from men who combine in labor unions in order the better to exact their own dues. Copyrights are only a temporary protection; at the expiration of a certain fixed period a book becomes the world's property. There is no more justice in refusing an author this limited protection than there would be in refusing an inventor the right to profit by his invention, or a laboring man the right to compensation for his toil.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

A grave question with American readers is the effect of international copyright on the prices of American books. Would it make books dearer? and if so, to what extent? Many attempts have been made to alarm the public mind on this question, and some of them have been disingenuous if not distinctly dishonest. In the first place, no concessions made to foreign authors would or could affect the price of school-books or text-books in the slightest degree. Cyclopedias and other books of reference would probably experience no change; and all the great authors of the past, the whole noble host of poets, historians, essayists and novelists, that give such brilliant lustre to the English name, would be as accessible in cheap editions then as now. We should be able to educate our children and fill our bookshelves at no additional cost whatsoever. Nor, as we have already indicated, would there be any appreciable increase in the cost of current books of learning; the increase of price would fall solely on new books of a popular character—almost exclusively, in fact, upon reprints of English fiction. We should not be able to purchase a new novel by Mr. Black for twenty cents, hideously printed with worn-out type, on detestable paper, but for a moderate price it would doubtless be attainable in a convenient form, and at least decently printed.—*O. B. Bunce, in The Home Journal*.

Under the present no-law, it is the American author who suffers far more than the English author, or the French, or the German. They lose only what they might make outside of their own country; the American author loses what he ought to make in his own country. For instance, an American novel, in one volume, at four shillings or six shillings—for the Americans have never adopted the foolish three-volume system, with its prohibitive prices—an American novel at four or six shillings is sold over the counter in rivalry with a pirated English novel at five-pence or ten-pence. The conditions are unequal; the American buyer must really want an American novel very much indeed if he buys it when he can get an English novel for one-fifth of the price. Since the cheap pamphlet 'Libraries,' devoted almost wholly to English novels, have been offered to the American reader, the earnings of the American novelist have been very seriously cut into. In fact, one may almost say that, if it were not for the magazines, the American novelist would find his occupation gone. Now, as the present state of the law not only allows the robbery of the foreigner, but also prevents the native from earning his living and getting the hire of his labor, we have here an argument which cannot be brushed aside as sentimental. International Copyright may be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold called it, a question of delicacy. The absence of International Copyright is a question of bread-and-butter to every American author by profession. And questions of bread-and-butter have a happy faculty of insisting on a consideration until they are settled.—*The Saturday Review*.

Mr. John Morley.

[*The Spectator.*]

LITERARY men can hardly help looking on Mr. Morley's sudden spring into the most important Cabinet office under Mr. Gladstone's government with a certain amount of pride. Except the late Lord Lytton, he is probably the first Englishman who can be supposed to owe his Ministerial advancement to his pen, and we are by no means sure that Sir Edward Bulwer's popular novels were not rather an obstacle than a help to him in his political life. About Mr. Morley's case there can be no doubt. His influence in politics dates from his journalism, and as a journalist no one can deny his power. And yet that power is not distinctively of the journalistic type. Mr. Morley is greater, we think, in the field of pure literature than even in the field of political literature. He estimates genius more truly than he estimates ordinary men. He estimates literary genius better even than he estimates political genius. The 'Life of Cobden' is a good book, but as a literary production it will not rank beside his books on Voltaire and Rousseau. He is more at home in a field which is partly at least imaginative, than in a field which is altogether homely. In his careful study of Burke he is perhaps at his best; and it is a good omen,—perhaps the only good omen,—for the great and difficult task which, with a courage almost reminding us of the knight-errant, he has undertaken, that he has given to Burke's writings so zealous and discriminating a study. But, whatever his success or whatever his failure,—and we venture to say that no one appreciates more adequately than Mr. Morley how much more likely he is to encounter failure than to achieve success,—it is impossible for literary men not to feel the deepest interest in an experiment which France tried long ago with results which different men regard very differently, when M. Guizot and M. Thiers directed in turns the counsels of Louis Philippe. England has not yet given any serious trial to the literary man as Minister. In Mr. John Morley as Irish Secretary, and that in a time when our relations with Ireland are far the most important of the questions of the day, we shall have a good opportunity to test the calibre of a brilliant literary man in one of the most difficult parts of the political field.

Without concealing for a moment our belief that Mr. Morley has some of the qualities which will be of the highest possible advantage to the Cabinet,—and it is difficult to over-rate the importance of genuine political imagination which we confidently attribute to him,—we cannot deny that some even of the greatest of these qualities bode little good to the peace of mind and political *sang-froid* of their possessor. The true literary nature is unquestionably sensitive,—we do not mean to personal attacks, which we dare say that Mr. Morley will regard with nearly as much indifference as even his chief, by whom they pass with as little effect as the whistling of the wind. The kind of sensitiveness to which we refer is sensitiveness to the greatness of great issues, to the responsibilities of grave decisions, to the serious national dangers which must be risked and ignored if anything great is to be achieved. This sensitiveness it is which successful statesmen have to fear, if they should wish to accomplish great designs without breaking their own hearts; and yet, without this sensitiveness it is very hard to be sure that they will rightly appreciate the difficulties in their way. We doubt, for example, whether Mr. Gladstone himself has this sensitiveness. He guides his course by certain constitutional principles with which he is deeply imbued, and if they fail him,—and dealing with Ireland what principles are there which will not fail him?—he has, we think, very much of the Frenchman's feeling, 'So much the worse for the facts.' If you treat the Irish as you treat other political peoples, constitutionally, and they do not answer to your treatment, he thinks, perhaps, 'Well, so much the worse for Ireland, but so much the better for the statesman who held to his faith in principle and was deceived.' Mr. John Morley, we may be sure, has not that high contentious faith in abstract principles. If we read his recent speeches at Newcastle and Chelmsford at all aright, he is now feeling more as Eliphas the Temanite felt when the vision of 'he night startled him, than as a politician feels who has just earned the first-fruits of a noble ambition. 'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the appearance thereof.' Mr. Morley, who only entered Parliament in the critical spring of 1883, and who for some years appeared to be possessed by sympathy with the extreme party in Ireland, has latterly been evidently awakening to a still deeper sympathy with the British nation in its perplexing relation to Ireland. He knows so much of the Irish Party, he has seen so much both of their political craft and of their resources for paralysing govern-

ment in Great Britain, that he probably appreciates better than any other Member of Parliament, the whole difficulty of the problem before him. In his recent speeches he has shown that he is almost aghast at the magnitude of that problem, that it weighs upon him more and more, that his imagination is burdened with it, that his conscience is oppressed with it, that his political sagacity is almost confounded by it. We should expect thus much from the fineness of his literary insight, and in one sense, no doubt, it is a vast advantage that he realises the situation in all its gravity. But then, how will this sensitive literary insight tell on his power of doing what he will have to do? The most responsible work of the world has generally been done by men who were half unaware of the responsibility they were incurring, who trod right by a sort of dumb instinct, and without realising how narrow a path they had to tread 'between the devil and the deep sea,' as the phrase goes. Mr. Morley certainly will not be one of these. If he proves equal to the great task before him, he will have far more true merit than the ordinary statesman, who incurs great perils almost without knowing that he has incurred them; who plods along the right path without observing the lurking spiritual enemy on his right hand, or the roaring breakers on his left. Mr. Morley will realise to the full every great collapse he escapes before he has escaped it. There is none of that triple brass around his heart which enables men to risk national disgrace without a shudder,—indeed, without realising what there was to shudder at. There will be the danger of all true literary men in governing great democracies. Nothing is more needed by these democracies than guidance,—firm, confident, resolute guidance. No one can contribute more elements among those needed to determine the direction of that guidance than literary men of genius. But then, no one is so painfully conscious of all the dangers to be run and of all the risk of failure. If Mr. Morley has grace, when he has once made up his mind, like the prince in the Arabian tale, to stop his ears to all discordant shrieks with which he is assailed as he passes on his way to the enchanted land which he is asked to rule, perhaps, like the prince, he may successfully achieve its disenchantment, and break the evil spell by which the destiny of Ireland has been so long controlled. But our hope of such a result is very faint indeed. We can only cherish the earnest hope that if he fails, he may yet not lose heart for all the many brilliant tasks which will still be within his power. 'Great position,' he has said, in concluding his book on Voltaire, 'often invests men with a second-sight whose visions they lock up in silence, content with the work of the day.' Heartily do we hope that this second-sight may be his, and that it may guide him to the great achievement which we nevertheless believe to be beyond his strength, and probably beyond the strength of any living statesman.

Current Criticism

MORE PRAISE FOR MR. PARKMAN.—Until that striking book, 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' which was noticed some time ago in these columns, was published in England by Messrs. Macmillan, the name of Francis Parkman was almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and his writings were a veritable *terra incognita*. It is, no doubt, the cordial reception given to 'Montcalm and Wolfe' which has led to the reproduction of a complete edition, in ten volumes, of Mr. Parkman's works. It is, therefore, with a feeling akin to shame that one sees 'twentieth edition' and 'twenty-third edition' on the title-pages of some of these volumes, and observes that 'The Oregon Trail,' which is the only one of them that is not historical, gives an account of a personal expedition to the Rocky Mountains forty years ago; for if there is any American writer of the day who ought to have been popular here, both on account of his subject and of his style, it is Mr. Parkman. Readability is the characteristic of his literary work; it is, indeed, both his strength and his weakness. He traverses the ground, and is instinct with the spirit of Fenimore Cooper; while, under the flow of his style, as under the flow of Mr. Green's, one perceives the steady current of vigorous humanity, if not of democratic humanitarianism.—*The Spectator.*

MR. HOWELLS ON MR. STEDMAN AND HIMSELF.—We see the lengths to which even so fair a spirit as Mr. Stedman will go in humorizing his notion that the present suspense of poetry is largely conscious, if not partially intentional. The poets, we understand from him, who might be the Longfellow and Emersons of the next generation, perceive—the sly rogues!—that the popular tendency is toward prose, and so leave off singing; and Mr. Howells has deliberately taken up the trade of noveling because it pays better than versing. If we were authorized to speak for

Mr. Howells, we think we should appeal from the court on this point, where the judge perhaps nodded over his notes. . . . We should warn, more or less solemnly, any sweet bird singing in the bare ruined choirs that now shake against the cold prosaic time not to imagine that he can become a novelist, even of Mr. Howells's quality, by leaving off being a poet; and we should very much doubt if that faltering and imperfect writer ever proposed to himself any such thing as Mr. Stedman fancies. He may be quite the thrifty time-server he is represented; but we suspect that he did not take to noveling because he thought it was a good way of making a living, and jumped with the humor of the time, or because he was 'wise in his generation,' as Mr. Stedman scripturally phrases the treason. It was a different affair altogether, we imagine, though quite as simple. We should say, judging from a casual acquaintance with his early attempts in fiction, that it was from always trying his hand in that sort, and finding pleasure and, at last, apparent success in it, that he kept on, and that he left off versing because it no longer interested him so much.—*Editor's Study, in Harper's Monthly.*

A BUDDHIST DELUSION.—It has been a matter of surprise to us how it has come to pass that Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem, 'The Light of Asia,' has taken the place it has in the Buddhistic literature of the day. As a poem it is marked by a wonderful flow of language and luxuriance of metaphor; but as an exegesis of Buddhist doctrine, or as a representation of the circumstances of the Buddha's mission, it is of a decidedly misleading character. And yet the publishers of the book speak, in language almost denoting their own astonishment, of the 'many editions of the work published in this country and in America, of the many translations made into European and Eastern languages, and the notices so enthusiastically favorable received from all parts of the world.' As we just now said, we do not dispute the beauty, or rather richness, of Mr. Arnold's poetry; but we are bound to say that the people 'in all parts of the world' who have shown such enthusiasm in noticing the book, if their enthusiasm results from the new light supposed to be shed upon the Buddhist doctrine in the pages of this poem, are deluded. So much we say, not at all in disparagement of Mr. Arnold's successful publication, but in vindication of true Buddhist doctrine and the founder of the system.—*The Saturday Review.*

OVER-EDITING.—Mr. [Henry] Morley has rendered good service to literature, and his reputation will not lose by his edition of Boswell's 'Johnson,' even though it has too much of a professorial air. Mr. Morley as an editor seems over anxious to be serious, and struggles to avoid anything like gossip. One instance, though of trifling importance in itself, will perhaps explain our meaning. Boswell relates (iv. 209) how Johnson wrote a letter 'in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters,' to his god-child Jenny Laughton. Croker mentions in a note, dated 1847, that he had lately seen the letter, framed and glazed, in the possession of the lady to whom it was originally addressed. This information is certainly of no great literary value, but it gives a pleasant air of reality to the incident. The editor, however, who has inserted about three hundred of Croker's own notes, some of which might well be omitted, does not think this worth reproducing. This is not the spirit in which Boswell's work should be edited.—*The Athenaeum.*

MRS. LAURENCE OLIPHANT.—A correspondent writes:—Those who knew Mrs. Laurence Oliphant loved and esteemed her as one of the choicest women that ever lived. Remarkable for her rare beauty and brilliant intellectual gifts, she was still more so for her high spiritual nature, loving-heartedness, and heroic self-sacrifice; endowed with all that might win the world, she turned her back on all earthly advantage and success, and gave her beautiful young life, in heroic spiritual adventure, to what she hoped would be a new and better start for the human race. In this endeavor she left family and country for a life of toil and self-devotion in America, and at one time, thinking it right to put herself by the side of the poorest of her kind, went and earned her own bread in the Far West, first as a sempstress and then as a teacher. Afterwards, being called to England, she rejoiced her friends by her reappearance, spending months among them, in still increased beauty and radiance, strengthening their faith and winning all hearts; and then again went forth with her husband to Syria on what she believed to be another Divine mission, and there gathered around her a chosen band of friends, also fired by the desire to lead a higher Christian life. She died from exhaustion and exposure to unhealthy influences, the death of a martyr.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

'FAUST' AT THE LONDON LYCEUM.—The production at the Lyceum of a new version of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust* naturally excited immense interest. The unique position of the drama in literature, the curious history of its fortunes on many stages, the universality of the legend, combined to stimulate the anticipations of playgoers. To this vast fund of interest must be added the general expectation that Mr. Henry Irving's conception of Mephistopheles would prove to be worthy of Goethe's creation and its interpretation a fresh triumph for the actor. This expectation, we may at once admit, was in many respects strikingly realized, in spite of all the novel and distracting appeals to the senses inseparable from a stage-presentation that must satisfy the most exacting advocate of perfect scenic ensemble. Mr. Irving's management has accustomed us to the artistic treatment of *spectacle*, by which he has taken away the old reproach that associated it with the unsubstantial show of things and mere glare and glitter. With few exceptions, his zeal in this direction has been tempered by an admirable discretion. *Faust* presents an unusual field for enterprise, and is therefore the more beset with lures and pitfalls for the manager intent on giving full play to scene-painters, mechanists, and antiquarian experts. The mounting of Mr. Wills's play is throughout highly creditable to the skill and taste of all concerned, and among the successes that have been chronicled at the Lyceum that of Saturday evening is one of the most memorable.—*The Saturday Review.*

Notes

WE hope to publish in our next number a sketch of Francis Parkman, the historian, by Charles H. Farnham, an old contributor to *The Century*, and author of an exceedingly interesting article, 'Cape Breton Folk,' in *Harper's Monthly* for March. It will be the seventeenth paper in our Authors at Home Series.

An interesting story of Oriental life, by an old writer but a new novelist, will soon be published by Cassell & Co., under the euphonious title of 'Ruhainah: A Story of Eastern Life.' It will introduce the reader to a new field of romance, the scenes being chiefly those of harem life in Central Asia. The author's *nom de plume* is Evan Stanton.

—Andrew Lang's 'Books and Bookmen' will be published by George J. Coombes at once. The initial letters, head- and tail-pieces, etc., are by G. R. Halm. After the metrical dedication to Brander Matthews, there is a prefatory note by the author, with a 'Ballade of the Real and the Ideal,' and the envoy is a 'Ballade of the Unattainable.' The topics are Literary Forgeries, Parish Registers, Bookmen at Rome, Bibliomania in France, Book-Bindings, Elzevirs, Some Japanese Bogie-Books and A Bookman's Purgatory.

—The volume of 'Representative Poems of Living Poets,' which Cassell & Co. have announced, is nearly ready for the press, and will be published early in March. It will make an octavo volume of about 700 pages. The selections of each poet will be headed by a *fac-simile* of his or her autograph signature.

—Mr. Charles G. Whiting, the accomplished literary critic of the Springfield *Republican*, has a volume entitled 'The Saunterer' in the press of Ticknor & Co. Mr. Whiting is an out-of-doors man as well as a graceful writer, so that we may expect a book whose freshness will be as agreeable as its literary style.

—O. W. B. writes from Manteno, Ill.:—'It would be interesting to know how many of your readers were able to decipher Gladstone's note in last week's CRITIC. I made it out after many hours' "cudgeling my brain." It is certainly as difficult to read as was Horace Greeley's writing. I, for one, have a curiosity to see it printed in THE CRITIC, if you can give it space.' The postcard seemed to us quite clearly written—as follows: 'Mr. Gladstone much regrets that it is wholly beyond his power to pay due attention at the present time to the very interesting suggestion of the Acting Editor. It is within Mr. G.'s knowledge that one person of vast reading, Lord Acton, has framed a list of this kind which must derive much value from the singular breadth of the author's knowledge of books. Mr. Gladstone has no idea whether Lord A. would be disposed to make it known. Ja. 12, 86.'

—Amongst the ladies who have asked John Fiske to lecture in New York this winter are Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Wm. T. Blodgett, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Sydney Webster, Mrs. F. A. P. Barnard, Mrs. E. L. Godkin, Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Charles F. Chandler, Mrs. Charles C. Beaman, Mrs. Edward S. Mead, Mrs. William H. Schieffelin, Mrs. Edward L. Youmans, Mrs. Joseph

H. Choate, Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, Miss Holt, Miss Eleanor Jay Schieffelin and Mrs. Elihu Chauncey. The lectures will be given at the University Club Theatre, on successive Wednesdays and Fridays, at 2.30 P.M., beginning on Wednesday next, Feb. 24. They will be given in the following order:—(The Critical Period of American History): Feb. 24, 'The League of Friendship: 1783-5'; Feb. 26, 'Drifting Towards Anarchy: 1784-7'; March 3, 'The Germs of National Sovereignty: 1784-7'; March 5 and 10, 'The Federal Convention: 1787'; March 12, 'Order Out of Chaos: 1787-9.' (Great Battles of the Civil War): March 17, 'From Carthage to Shiloh'; March 19, 'From New Orleans to Stone River'; March 31, 'The Siege of Vicksburg'; April 2, 'Chattanooga.' Single tickets (\$1) may be had at the door, while course tickets (\$8) may be obtained from A. D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway, and Dodd, Mead & Co., 755 Broadway.

—Frederic Harrison's new volume, 'The Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces,' consists of essays and lectures written at various times during the last twenty years, and deals solely with books, art and history. There are essays on Mr. Froude's life of Carlyle, on the life of George Eliot, on Bernard of Clairvaux, on historic London, and on the French Revolution.

—Mr. Anstey is writing a story, in one volume, in which an East Indian idol plays a leading part.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day: 'Frank's Ranche, or My Holiday in the Rockies,' by an English gentleman who recently visited his son's ranche in the far West; a new edition of 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' by Anna Jameson; and a school edition of Grant White's 'Words and Their Uses.'

—Mrs. Walford's new novel, 'The History of a Week,' will be published by Henry Holt & Co., with six full-page illustrations.

—The library of the late Father Henry C. Lake, consisting of 5000 volumes which it cost about \$20,000 to collect, will be sold at auction by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. in March. Among the famous printers represented are Jensen, Elzivir, Aldine, Drach, Petit and Giunta.

—Roberts Bros. will publish next Thursday 'César Birotteau,' the third volume in their uniform edition of Balzac (the fourth, 'Eugénie Grandet,' will appear next month); 'Richard Feverel,' in the uniform edition of George Meredith's works; and 'Atalanta in the South,' a literary outcome of Miss Maude Howe's six-months' residence below Mason and Dixon's line last year. These will be followed by Mrs. Jackson's 'Glimpses of Three Coasts,' Mathilde Blind's 'Mme. Roland,' in the Famous Women Series; and 'Col. Cheswick's Campaign,' a novel by Flora Shaw, author of 'Castle Blair.'

—Church Union will be discussed in the March *Century*, from the Presbyterian point of view, by Dr. Howard Crosby and Prof. A. A. Hodge.

—We correct, this week, the spelling of Sidney Lanier's Christian name, erroneously printed Sydney a week ago. He himself invariably spelt the word with an *i*.

—A communication dated from 97 Fifth Avenue informs us that a new monthly magazine, to be called *The Forum*, is soon to appear in New York. It is to be devoted to the discussion of 'such questions as interest the mass of intelligent people,' and is to be 'independent in its attitude.'

—A. C. McClurg & Company have in press for immediate issue a new edition of 'Woman in Music,' by George P. Upton, author of 'The Standard Operas.'

—W. S. Rockstro, an English writer of musical literature, has prepared an exhaustive 'History of Music, from the Earliest Times to the Present,' which Scribner & Welford will publish. There is need of such a book as this, and of a companion volume on the drama.

—On Thursday next Mr. Barrett will appear in 'The King's Pleasure' and 'The Wonder,' and on Friday in 'Yorick's Love' and 'David Garrick.' On every other evening next week he will play Cassius in 'Julius Caesar.'

—Of Henry Gréville's second lecture, delivered on Friday of last week, the *Times* spoke as follows: 'Those who went to Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Mme. Henry Gréville talk about "Russian Life" were treated to so pleasant a discourse that the hour or so occupied in its delivery slipped by very fast. It was Mme. Gréville's second lecture, and her first platform venture in English in New York. It took her a little while to get fairly into the English groove, and for such time her hearers had to strain somewhat to keep abreast with her, but when she had fairly started her enunciation was so clear that the accent became a charm rather than a hindrance to the enjoyment

of the hour.' Mme. Gréville's third lecture, on 'Le Roman de Famille en France,' was delivered in French on Tuesday of this week. The fourth and last, on Russian priests and peasants, was announced for yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, whose clever little book, 'A Canterbury Pilgrimage,' has been such a success, have written and illustrated a new work, entitled 'Italy, from a Tricycle.' It is a description of a pilgrimage from Florence to Rome, and it will appear in *The Century* in March and April.

—The April *Harper's* will contain the opening chapters of the new novel by R. D. Blackmore, 'Springhaven,' with illustrations by Frederick Barnard and Alfred Parsons (including a drawing by the latter engraved as a frontispiece to the number); the first part of 'Their Pilgrimage'—a series of papers, taking the shape of a story, and depicting characteristic features of American society—written by Charles Dudley Warner, and illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; and the first part of a new novel by the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' entitled 'King Arthur: Not a Love-Story.'

—Laurence Hutton will contribute a critical essay on 'The American Play' to the March number of *Lippincott's*.

—A year ago, says *The Athenaeum*, a great amount of manuscript material in connection with the late Joseph Severn was placed in the hands of Mr. William Sharp. During his long life, and owing to his consular position in Rome and other circumstances, there were few eminent men—from Keats and Scott and Wordsworth down to young contemporary writers and artists—with whom Severn did not come in contact; and with many celebrated personages he kept up a constant correspondence. The manuscript material having been sifted and edited, Mr. Sharp is now engaged on these memoirs, which in due time will be issued in two volumes, with portraits, etchings and other illustrative matter.

—A history of the United States in chronological order, from the discovery of America in 1492, to the year 1885, by Emery E. Childs, is published by Baker & Taylor, of this city.

—Cassell's National Library seems to have stirred up the English publishers. Messrs. Routledge propose to issue a World Library, edited by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and consisting of a series of books, published at the low price of 3d. each, in a paper cover designed by Walter Crane. Each volume will consist of 160 pages. The first will be Anster's translation of Goethe's 'Faust.' Besides poetry and the drama, biographies, records of travel, works of history and fiction, and books on social science will be included.

—'Science for Schools,' three small text-books adapted from the French of Paul Bert by G. A. Wentworth and G. A. Hill, will be issued next fall by Ginn & Co.

—A work of much interest, relating to the progress of the human race, will be published next month by Doyle & Whittle of Boston—'Where Are We and Whither Tending?' by the Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, a gentleman of ripe scholarly attainments.

—According to the New York CRITIC, that city is in great need of a public library, says the London *Literary World*. 'The suggestion is calmly made that ten individuals among her wealthy citizens should each write a cheque for half a million dollars to commence with. It will take a little time for New York to get together a duplicate of the British Museum Library, but we have no doubt her citizens will, if they set about it, succeed in getting one of as much practical use to students. Let them devote some attention to the reading-room or rooms as well as to the books.'

—Indian and Negro students at Hampton Institute, Va., have printed in neat form a little pamphlet containing a 'History of the School,' by M. F. A.; 'Hampton's Indian Students at Home,' by Helen M. Ludlow; and 'Does Civilization Civilize?' (with an affirmative reply) by Elaine Goodale.

—Few classes of students are possessed of an organ so beautifully issued as *The Antiquary*, the excellence of whose typographical appearance is in perfect keeping with the intelligence of its editorial direction. A most interesting article in the February number takes the form of a review of Ashton's 'Dawn of the Nineteenth Century,' which is brightened up by the reproduction of a number of quaint and curious illustrations from the book itself—a stage-coach, and a stage-wagon of 1804, Lord Dillon riding in Rotten Row at about the same date, watchmen with staves, keys and lanterns, the first gas-lamps in Pall Mall, and the pillory at Charing Cross, with a couple of criminals exposed to the execrations of a mob.—*Book Lore* approaches but does

not equal the organ of the antiquaries in the beauty of its outward form. Its more notable papers in February are on 'The Last of the Cromwells' (Oliver, who died May 31, 1821), and 'The First Edition of "Paradise Lost." Maurice Eggn's sonnet, 'The Chrysalis of a Book-Worm,' is printed in this number. (Francis).

Sir John Lubbock's address before a workingmen's club, from which *The Pall Mall* got his list of a hundred books, has been expanded into a magazine article, and printed in the February *Contemporary Review*.

Silvio Pellico's 'My Ten-Years' Imprisonment,' of which Roberts Bros. published a half-dollar edition last year—a new edition, with an introduction by the late Epes Sargent—is issued now as the first volume in Cassell's ten-cent National Library. The translation is Thomas Roscoe's. The second issue in this series of absurdly cheap books is Byron's 'Childe Harold.' Each volume contains about 200 fairly well-printed pages.

From the Librarian's Bulletin for December 1885, it appears that the Library of Cornell University contains the first 62 numbers of *The Spectator* as it originally appeared in 1711, in the form of a daily publication with advertisements; *The Examiner*, complete from 1808 (when Leigh Hunt founded it) to 1866; complete sets of *The Saturday Review*, *The Athenaeum* and *The Academy*, and of *The Spectator* since 1835.

'An interesting sale of Brontë relics,' says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'took place at Saltaire the other day, in the course of the disposal of the effects of the late Mr. Benjamin Binus, tailor, of Saltaire, into whose possession they had come through his wife, the sister of that Martha Brown who was such a faithful domestic of the Brontës, and to whom they had been committed by the Rev. P. Brontë, as mementoes of his famous daughter. They consisted chiefly of copies of the novels of the sisters presented to Martha Brown by the Rev. P. Brontë and by Charlotte Brontë, with the inscription of the giver; a number of pencil drawings, principally by Charlotte; and a few other relics of a miscellaneous character. Among the most interesting of these relics was a water-color drawing by Charlotte of her favorite dog, Floss, scampering over a moor. The drawing of Floss fetched \$1.10s.' An autograph letter of Charlotte Brontë was sold in London lately for 5*l.* 5*s.*

The increasing number of collectors of Shelleyana may be interested to know that a pretty and well-made 'Shelley Birthday Book and Calendar' has been compiled by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Hull, England (London: T. Fisher Unwin), with the idea of disproving the assertion that Shelley is an author who will not bear quotation. The frontispiece, an etching from Miss Curran's portrait of the poet, is hardly as interesting as the remarkable photograph from Hancock's portrait of Wordsworth at 28, which faces the title-page of Mr. Tutin's 'Wordsworth Birthday Book,' issued two years ago.

With its January number that highly prized literary monthly, *Le Livre*, begins its seventh year. Its opening article appeals especially to American and English readers, being an account of Dickens's first sojourn in Paris (1846-7), derived from his correspondence with Forster, Landor, Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay. A pen-and-ink sketch made by d'Orsay in 1845 is reproduced in this connection, together with one by an anonymous draughtsman who got a good look at the great novelist when the latter was eighteen years of age. This is a full-face portrait, while the d'Orsay is a profile. Each has a page to itself; and so has the likeness of Alexandre Dumas (from the Déveria lithograph made about 1832), printed amongst some notes on the first edition of Dumas and Gaillardet's 'La Tour de Nesles.' There are only about ten good copies of this edition of the play extant, and they bear the legend, 'Par MM. Gaillardet et...'. A vellum copy, presented to Jules Janin by Gaillardet, has a still more amusing inscription: 'Par M. Frédéric Gaillardet!' Five interesting pages are filled with a New Year's chat by the editor, Octave Uzanne.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Adams, O. F. Ed. January, 2 <i>sc</i> .
Beaconsfield, Lord. Correspondence with his Sister, 2 <i>sc</i> .
Benson, J. B. In the King's Garden, \$1.
Bull, S. C. Old Bull, \$1.50.
Education in Japan. Circulars of Information, No. 4. 1885.
Fearn, G. M. Morgan's Horror, 2 <i>sc</i> .
Franklin, B. Autobiography of, 10 <i>c</i> .
French, G. H. The Butterflies of the U. S., \$2.
Furness, W. H. Verses: Translations and Hymns, \$1.25.
Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. | Boston : D. Lothrop & Co.
Harper & Bros.
Boston : D. Lothrop & Co.
Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cassell & Co.
Cassell & Co.
Philad. : J. B. Lippincott Co.
Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
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Greely, A. W. Three Years of Arctic Service. 2 vols. Sold by subscription.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Horrors in Architecture, etc., in the City of New York.	
Howells, W. D. Indian Summer, \$1.50.	Boston : Ticknor & Co.
Hughes, T. P. A Dictionary of Islam.	Scribner & Welford.
James, E. J. Outline of a Proposed School of Political Science.	Philadelphia.
Oiphant, Mrs. A House Divided Against Itself, soc.	Harper & Bros.
Orvis-Cressey collection. Fishing with the Fly, \$2.50. Boston : Houghton, M. & Co.	
Richter, V. von. Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry, \$2.	Phila. : P. Blakiston Son & Co.
Romish Teachings in the Protestant Churches, 90 <i>c</i>	N. Tibbals & Son.
Rost, H. A. Directory of the Music Trade and the Music Profession.	H. A. Rost.
Shand, A. I. Fortune's Wheel, 2 <i>sc</i>	Harper & Bros.
Spencer's Sons, P. R. Spencer's New Copy Books. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.	
Swaine, Rev. S. A. General Gordon, soc.	Cassell & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1101.—What was a 'derby-dilly'? The word often occurs in *Punch* twenty-five or thirty years back, but the context fails to throw any light on its meaning. It seems to designate a vehicle of some kind—perhaps an omnibus for carrying passengers to the Derby.

New York City.

E. J. H.

No. 1102.—Where, in New York, can I buy Browning's dramas in one volume?

New York City.

L.

[Nowhere. The only complete edition of the poet's works published in this country is Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s (New York branch, 11 East 17th Street). Scribner & Welford import the English editions.]

No. 1103.—Has any Life of Longfellow been published, and if so, by whom?

Fairfield, Iowa.

C. W. E.

[Several lives of the poet have appeared—to wit, 'Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,' by G. L. Austin, \$2.50, 1883, sold by subscription, Boston : Lee & Shepard; 'Longfellow : 1807-1882,' \$1, 1882, Portland, Maine : Hoyt, Fogg & Daugherty; 'Henry W. Longfellow,' by W. S. Kennedy, \$1.50, Cambridge, Mass. : Moses King; 'Longfellow's Home-Life,' by Blanche Roosevelt, \$1.50, 1883, New York : G. W. Carleton Co.; 'Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,' by F. H. Underwood, \$1.50, 1882, Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. Ticknor & Co. will publish the 'official' Life this month.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1070.—3. David Matheson, of Ottawa, writes as follows to Mrs. Amelia E. Barr:—What your correspondent, Mr. Thompson, says, in his letter from which you quote in *The Critic*, is quite correct. The inscriptions, as I saw them when a boy, twenty-five years ago, were very clear. The Irving one is on a stone in the floor of the transept of St. Magnus Cathedral, and is as follows: 'Heir ilys William Irving. Sone to Vmro. Vilham Vrving of Sabay. Being Schot out of ye Castel. In His Maesties SVs. Departit ye 20 of September 1614.' There is also a shield with three holly-leaves on the stone. In the introductory chapter of his life of his uncle, Mr. P. E. Irving gives a good many particulars respecting the Arcadian ancestry of his distinguished relative. Mr. Petrie, the antiquarian, who supplied the information, was a most trustworthy man, and had almost a genius for ferreting out such (genealogical) facts as the biographer needed.

No. 1098.—1. Apropos of this question, a slight rectification seems to me necessary. There is a widespread impression in France, as well as in America, that Ivan Tourguenéff wrote the greater number of his works in French. The fact is, he wrote them all in Russian, with one insignificant exception, of which I shall speak later on. His novels were translated from Russian into French by several writers—Prosper Mérimée, Sollihoué (with the collaboration of a little-known French writer) and Xavier Marmier. The volumes which do not bear the translator's name are decidedly the most numerous. They may be divided into two classes: (1) Those of which literal translations were dictated by the author to his friend, Louis Viardot, who turned them into literary French. (2) Those which were translated by Mme. Henry Gréville and M. Durand-Gréville. The first of the Gréville translations was 'Eaux Printanières' ('Spring Floods'), which was published at once in book-form, the publisher declining to put the translator's name on the title-page on the ground that the public were convinced that Tourguenéff wrote his works in French, and that it was to his (the publisher's) interest to keep them in error. The same translators brought out in succession 'Toc-toc-toc,' 'Pounine et Babourine,' 'Les Reliques Vivantes,' 'Terres Vierges,' etc., which appeared at first as *feuilles d'as* in the French papers, over the signature of the translator, Durand-Gréville, but continued to be published in book-form without the translator's name. Since Mme. Henry Gréville has become famous, the publisher has perhaps regretted his former decision in this matter. The only work Tourguenéff composed in French was a very short novel, 'Un Incendie en Mer,' which he dictated in that language, for the reason that he was no longer able to write, and had no one at hand who could write in Russian.

E. DURAND-GRÉVILLE.

No. 1099.—E. R.'s 'task' is not so 'hopeless' as he imagines. The 'society novel of the diluvian period' that he is seeking to find is undoubtedly 'Seols,' which was published in 1878 by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The name of the author does not appear on the title-page. Is it known who the author is?

New York City.

J. B. T. H.

Strach grows sticky, and common powders have a vulgar glaze. Pozsoni's is the only Powder fit for use.